

THE INHERITOR CRITIC

Literary Number

JANUARY

1910

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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. VI.

DERRY, N. H., JANUARY, 1910.

NO. 4

Published monthly during the school year by the students
of Pinkerton Academy.

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[Entered as second-class matter, October 30, 1909, at
the post-office at Derry, N. H., under the Act of Con-
gress of March 3, 1879.]

Subscriptions 75 Cts. a Year. Single Copies 10 Cts
Payment in Advance.

DERRY, N. H., 1910.

The proof of this issue was read by the
Editor and Harold W. Abbott.

The CRITIC is in receipt of the Kamehameha Calendar for 1910, a very artistic production of Kamehameha students in their school printing shop. To quote the title page of the calendar it contains, "Helpful thoughts for every day, selected by Perley L. Horne." The calendar reached us through Mr. Horne, whom we would take this opportunity to thank.

Much trouble and time would be saved the Editors were contributors to be more careful in the preparation of their manuscript. It would seem that all must know

that all-important rule that a sheet should be written on but one side, yet frequently we receive compositions violating this requirement. If students writing for the CRITIC will but follow the rules they are required to observe in their English work, our rules will be well met. In the future, we ask that contributors indicate on their manuscript the approximate number of words in their composition.

We have called this issue of the CRITIC a "Literary Number." Purposely, compositions of a distinctly literary nature have been given preference within it. This is the quiet part of the year at Pinkerton so far as athletics are concerned, and that department has been omitted; the other departments are no longer than usual. When to this fact is added a third, that the issue contains an extra four pages, it will be seen that school literature, in the truest sense of the word, occupies much more space in the school paper than it usually does.

We do not know *positively* that the Christmas vacation had an inspiring effect upon those scholars in school who write. That seems to the editor, though, to be the correct inference to draw from the increased number of contributions which have reached his desk during this first week of the term. Of more importance to us than their number has been their almost uniform excellence. We have found it necessary to publish a twenty-page issue, that full justice may be done to all the material that has been handed in to us.

When the Editor was a small boy, he started a diary. He only wrote in it for a short time, but the little that he did write he now treasures. Doubtless you once kept a diary, and perhaps you, unlike the Editor, continued to write in it beyond the short month and a half which measured the Editor's amount of "stick-toitiveness." Every one admits, though, that a diary is a grand thing to have when once it is complete. For that matter, it is a fine thing to have, anyway.

We have said all this as a sort of introduction to the announcement that the CRITIC, commencing with the next issue,

will contain a new department, "The School Diary." Primarily, the object of the Diary will be to contain the "news" of the school. In how broad a sense the term "news" is taken will depend entirely upon the writer, who will be a member of the staff assigned to the work each month. If possible, a suitable cut will be secured for this new department.

For some time the Board have been debating as to the best way in which school happenings could be handled. We hope that a satisfactory settlement of the question will be found in "The School Diary."

The Life and Character of the Scotch Irish.

MASON J. YOUNG.

Remembering that Pinkerton Academy was established by two men of Scotch-Irish descent in a time, the customs of which were so different from those we follow now, it seems only right that we should study the character of the contemporaries of Major John Pinkerton and Elder James Pinkerton, and the customs that molded their character. It seems as if that study would not take the form of a task, but the form of a pleasure. Especially must it take that form when we consider the strangeness of those characters and customs, and their contrast to those of the present day.

The character of the early settlers of Londonderry was composed of two paramount elements, roughness and strength, sometimes contrasting to a certain extent.

Strong and inflexible were the Scotch-Irish in pursuing that course which they considered right; rough were they in their habits when compared with the present state of society.

Their roughness is sometimes exceedingly surprising. There are people now living who bring it vividly to mind by telling of seeing the pastor and elders of the old West Parish church, which was built upon a hill, walk down to the foot of the hill, where there was an old fashioned country store, in the recess between the two sermons, which were then preached, to get a drink of rum, and, although rum was probably the strongest form of alcoholic liquor ever manufactured, they were none the worse for their dram.

On other occasions, however, they

drank to excess, especially at their weddings, wakes and funerals. Conviviality can be easily understood as the accompaniment of a wedding, but it seems decidedly incongruous for the celebration of a wake or funeral; and yet it is said that many a family was placed in debt, not by the expense of the fatal sickness, but by the expense of the funeral.

The sports of the Scotch-Irish were rough and almost brutal. For instance, in the Rev. E. L. Parker's History of Londonderry, he says, that it was the frequent custom at public gatherings for a ring to be formed by the leading men of the town and there for two picked young men to fight at arms length, without anger, only to see which was the stronger, until one or the other was forced to give up.

Their whole life in fact, was surrounded and hemmed in by the roughness of the wilderness, and the native ruggedness of New England. The discomforts of their homes, with enormous chimneys and draft-creating fireplaces, with rough walls and unplastered ceilings, which conditions lasted in many cases for a long time; their coarse fare, and almost continual outdoor life; fostered their native Scottish health, and those coarser qualities of mind which had been augmented during their stay in Ireland.

But more prominent still and deeper still, although perhaps not so fully illustrated by examples, was that strength of character and that physical courage, that had been fostered and increased in the same way. When once they had satisfied themselves that they had gained a clear and just title to their land, they were ready to defend that right with

firmness even against an armed band. In the French and Indian wars they fought bravely. One man of gigantic stature, it is said, would not come into the block houses, which had been built, and several times escaped death because the Indians thought him a God.

And yet, as the early settler's character, so was his life. His life was one of hardship and one of conquest only by perseverance. His life was one of strife, and one of hard manual labor for very existence, almost entirely composed of out door work at first, although, after the first establishment of the settlement, the manufacture of linen became important.

In the weaving of linen cloth there was much heavy work. Besides the field labor of raising the flax, the fibre had to be separated from the stalk before it could be even combed to separate the coarser and poorer quality from the finer and better. This separation was a great task, including much heavy beating. After the flax was ready, it had to be spun, one thread at a time, a very slow and difficult operation. But with a skilled weaver, the result was truly remarkable. Bedspreads and tablecloths are now preserved, the weaving of which is utterly incomprehensible to one who has only a book and second hand description of the process.

The food of the Scotch-Irish, as of all the early settlers, was raised at home, caught in the streams, or killed in the woods. In Londonderry potatoes were a great staple, having been brought from Ireland. Their use spread from this town throughout the whole of New England. Another staple was fish caught in the Merrimack. It was the custom to go at

the proper time every season to the Amoskeag Falls, and get a supply, which, when it had been dried, was hung from the kitchen rafters in keeping for winter use.

The whole character of the Scotch-Irish settlers seems to have been the reflection of their life as it had been in Ireland and previously in Scotland. Surely, although they may have been occasionally moved by baser motives, as is shown by the anecdote of Mrs. John Morrison,

who came to her husband, while he was building his first log cabin upon the settlement of this town, and said, "Aweel, aweel, dear John, an it maun be a log house, do make it a log higher nor the lave,"—(than the rest), the Scotch-Irish settlers of Londonderry were as rough and as full of sturdy strength as the forest around them, and continued so until the forest vanished with the changing times.

The Bubble.

BY DESPARDIEUX.

It was late in the spring of 1768 that Simon Bronder came to the old town of Dearbon. As befitted a man whose father had been a lord and a Knight of the Garter, he rode in a coach. The four splendid black horses whirled the lumbering vehicle down the muddy street which was the only thoroughfare that the village afforded, and drew up before the tavern of Jerry Masters with the stereotyped flourish.

As the tavern-keeper came out to greet his new guest, the latter stepped from the coach and walked towards the door. He was a tall man, dark and finely formed. His black curly hair crisped about the smooth tan of his temples, while a keen observer would at once have noticed cheek bones which were high and prominent. In fact, this taken in connection with his dark complexion and aquiline countenance would have led one to suspect that he had other than English blood within his veins. Yet he was without doubt a gentleman, and showed himself one as he questioned the landlord about his accommodations.

"I pray you, my good sir," he said in the modulated tone of a man of breeding, "may I be served with board and lodging for a month or more? My man and I will stay if it so please you. The coach will return to Boston tomorrow."

"I am only too glad to serve your Honor," said the rubicund little Masters, "Your Honor may have dinner at once in the front guest room."

Thus the Honorable Mr. Bronder made his first appearance in staid Dearbon. Of itself, it would have passed without comment, but Mr. Bronder had come to find a suitable site for his mansion, as he had determined that America was the place to mend his impaired fortune. Not that he had been the extravagant one to spend it, but his father had been a gambler, a carouser, and other things too low in the recognized moral scale to warrant a man living long while keeping the pace. So here was his son, a most estimable man if we are to believe his looks and to infer from his actions.

For weeks after his arrival he quietly made his business-like way among the

wealthy farmers and gentry of the town. Advice and many manifestations of friendship were showered upon him, while he sat calmly through it all. At last, on the fourth week of his sojourn at the tavern, the report went around that he had bought a parcel of land on a knoll overlooking the village from the west.

Here within a week, workmen were digging the cellar and putting in the foundation for the finest house in miles of surrounding country. Hardly three months passed before the walls were up, and yet through all the hurry and bustle of the work, the men by the strict order of Mr. Bronder, carefully refrained from in any way harming the tall and stately elms which were to shade the front of the house. The young man seemed almost a fanatic on the subject of elm trees, and particularly about those which were to grace the grounds about the mansion.

As the end of summer drew near the house also neared completion until, sometime in the middle of August, an invitation went the rounds of the countryside, to be present at the housewarming of the Honorable Mr. Bronder on the first of the coming month.

The party came, and what with music, supper, dance and wine the evening passed pleasantly enough, without too great a number of gentlemen becoming muddled and forced to be assisted home.

After this Bronder hall became a part of the village. The master settled himself comfortably within his great rooms and seldom showed himself. In the spring, however, he again appeared in society and before the end of the long New England summer the Hall had a mistress, the fairest maid about the town.

The couple lived happily, and in the uneventful course of their lives brought up two children. Both were boys; one, the elder, ran away to sea before he was old enough to know the meaning of discretion, and the other, a boy much like his father, in no way partaking of his mother's blithesomeness and spirit, lived with his parents until old enough to go to college.

It was there I met him. To me he was altogether too morbid and mystical a character to love, yet there was an irresistible something that compelled one to be interested in him. Slight, almost frail, he seemed puny—a mere weakling until I had a chance to test his strength when I found him a bundle of steel wire. His eyes were melancholy. Set deep beneath his heavy brows they peered forth into the material world from who knows what land of imagination? The more superstitious of the students declared him possessed with some strange magic, and indeed if someone spoke to him after he had sat in his chair gazing into a world apart from ours, he would answer them in some strange tongue which they had never heard before.

Let him be what he was, I can only tell what I know of him. He and I felt drawn to each other for some reason and I was almost the only person in college he could call friend. Several times had I spent my vacation at the Hall. Each time I enjoyed myself exploring the endless corridors and rooms of the building. Yet in my memory was a room on the east side that was always locked. Why it was, young Bronder could not or would not say, and I was too much afraid of the austere old man to ask him.

College days were soon over, and he and I were parted; I to wander about the world and he to settle down at home among his books and people. I never expected to see him again; neither did he show any hope of seeing me. We simply dropped from each other's lives. I heard nothing of him till one day in Munich on returning to my lodgings, I found a note from him saying that something was troubling him very much and that if I could find it convenient to return to America he would like my advice. I had been three years from home without hearing its name mentioned yet the very sight of it written on a slip of paper was sufficient to make me long for it.

Even as I sailed across the wide Atlantic I felt misgivings and more than once during the long weary weeks of the voyage, I felt a premonition of evil to come. Even as we drew near the coast of New England I could not drive it away, and when we caught sight of land and entered the port of Boston on Friday the thirteenth of September, my deepest superstitions were aroused. At the wharf I was met by Bronder's butler, a sober and one might say a sombre man, whose very cast of features perpetually suggested something funereal. Now, he was more morose and taciturn than ever, and the only answer I received to my questions, was that he had been told to take me "to the master's lawyers."

In a short time we came to the office and passing down the deserted hall went into the bare room of the Bronder attorneys. Before a table littered with papers a small bald-headed man sat poring at a huge law book through thick lenses. At the sound of our entrance he hastily

pushed the spectacles to his forehead and turned towards us. The butler merely nodded his head and said, "That's him," and went out.

"Well," brusquely said the man of law, "it is a sad story I have to tell you, and a long one. Have you a few hours to spare? Quite right. Take that easy chair there; and listen to the queerest story you ever heard. Shortly after you left America to travel, old Simon Bronder suddenly died. His wife, as you know, had died four years before, and this, taking into account that the eldest son has disappeared, made young Bronder sole heir to the estate. The funeral services over the will was read, and as before stated everything was left to his only son. The document, however, contained some queer statements. It expressly stated that a certain room on the east side of the house was to be left locked and on no account to be opened. No reason could be surmised for this strange request, yet young Bronder was desirous of respecting his father's wishes, and decided to obey the will. The other clause warned the heir never to allow the old elms in front of the house to be cut down. This on the face of it looked like an absurdity. No one would wish to spoil the value of the estate by destroying the ancient trees which doubled the worth of the house. So the new master of the hall settled into his routine of study and left the business affairs to the butler. About two years after your departure he met a young lady at one of the few social affairs he attended, and after a strange courtship, married her. Superstitious people of Dearbon whispered it about that he inveigled himself into her affec-

tions by some magic learned from his black books. I doubt it. His nature was morbid and sensitive, it is true, yet nothing of the fiend ever showed itself to my knowledge. The girl was in every way his intellectual equal and they must have passed many pleasant hours in each other's company. They had a baby, a smiling boy whom they named for his father. Late in the winter of last year a terrific snow storm swept over New England. Little or no communication could be had for months. Nevertheless, by the first messenger that could reach Boston, Bronder sent a note urging me to come at once. The fierce wind of the storm had broken the gigantic elm that stood before the window of the mysterious locked room. Hardly had the tree crashed to the ground, wrote my client, when his wife came to him saying the baby had been taken suddenly ill and was rapidly growing worse. When I reached the Hall, Bronder met me at the door. I scarcely knew him. Sadness and the utmost weariness was stamped upon his face, and the mark of some dread disease already showed itself in his wasted figure. Tremblingly he led me to his study, and feebly dropping into a chair told me that his baby and wife had just died. All the servants had left, and only the butler remained. That faithful fellow still made his way silently about, attending to the few duties left him to do, and yet by his haggard face and sudden starts I could see he was becoming unnerved. I could see nothing I could do, and though I tried to persuade the heartbroken young man to come to the tavern with me, he refused. The next day he signed a few papers I brought him and I left for

Boston. I neither saw nor heard from him till the July of this year. Then at an urgent summons I hastened to Dearbon. It was nearly eleven when I reached the town yet when a mile or more away I saw a dense cloud of smoke coming from the west. As I drove down the street I came to an opening through which I could see the fire. On the knoll above the village Bronder Hall was burning. It was almost at its height then. As I frantically lashed my horse up the steep grade towards the house, I could hear the roar and crackle of the flames. A sudden hush and then a muffled crash as I dashed up told of a fallen chimney. Leaping from the carriage I called for Mr. Bronder but no one had seen him. Making my way about among the spectators I endeavored to discover how the fire started, with no success. All at once a terrible cry burst from the people about me and looking towards the house I saw the cause. A man had made his way through the terrific heat of the flames and had burst open the window of the locked room. It was Bronder. He smiled at the crowd below making no attempt to save himself. Seeing me, he waved his hand and disappeared. In a moment he was back, and with a motion of his arm as he shouted something unintelligible, he hurled an object to my feet. Even as he did the four walls trembled, shivered, strove to hold themselves upright and then sunk into the fiery furnace of blazing rafters. Bronder made no sound, no motion; yet I shall never forget how he looked. A sob caught in my throat as I thought of the unhappy man, but it is my chance to see many misfortunes and this was only the worst. I turned away

unable to bear the terrible heat, when my arm was touched, and the old butler stood before me. How he looked and how he escaped I cannot tell you. I only know I was so terrified that I fainted for the first time in my life. When I again became conscious I was at the inn with the ancient Masters ministering to my wants. During my convalescence I occupied myself in examining the object Bronder had cast at my feet, and which I forgot to tell you was a small book. It was a memorandum of Simon Bronder's and explained everything. Here it is. I will read the important part to you."

"June, 1768. I, Simon Bronder, having decided to build a house in the town of Dearbon, and being unable to procure brick, nails, window glass and such for the building, was obliged to send to England for the necessary articles. They were immediately brought to the estate on their arrival in Boston. Everything went into place with the greatest celerity for I had a large force of skilled workmen. Yet alas, for when the windows were to be put in their places it was found that one of the panes had a curious defect. This was a bubble in the glass, which as one of the workmen showed me was an excellent burning glass. If this was placed on the house and any draperies or hangings came within the focal distance of the bubble disastrous results might follow. It would have been placed on the north where the sun could not reach it, but it was an odd sized frame and a casement had already been prepared for it in the east wall of the house. To safeguard myself, the door of the room to which it gives light shall be always locked, and an iron shutter inside will further prevent harm. Besides as

my surveyor says, the sun will only be in a position to cast its rays directly on the bubble on a certain few days in July. The elms will see to that and therefore must be preserved."

"You see," said the lawyer after a pause, "how it happened. It is indeed queer, that the elm before the fatal window should have been destroyed when it was. However, I have proved that it had nothing to do with the illness at the Hall. A reputable physician has ascribed that to 'typhoid caused by a defective system of drainage.' Why Mr. Bronder entered the room so long closed I cannot say. It is enough to remember that old Simon Bronder says that the sun could only reach the bubble on a certain day and that things must be kept out of the focal distance of the lens. To most people the death of his wife and baby, and the cause of the fire is a mystery, but I have solved it to my satisfaction."

The old lawyer leaned back in his chair and sighed. As for me I was too deeply disturbed to talk and soon left the office. A week or two after, I visited the scene of the fire. As I wandered about I happened to remember that the lawyer said that the window of the locked room had fallen outside the building. Sure enough on poking about in the grass which was already springing up, I found that piece of glass before you. Curious, isn't it.

Our Object.

Oh! students of old Pinkerton,
Stand forth and sing her name,
With earnest heart and sparkling eye,
Repeat her tale of fame.

Sing loud and clear of eminence,
Campaigns successful run,
And of success in college soon,
Phi Beta Kappa won.

Ring clear her song of victory;
Ring clear Sanborn's defeats;
Ring clear her student's stubborn grit,
The foe so seldom meets.

But louder still and clearer still,
Announce thine own content;
Announce thy joys and future joys,
Thy heart towards hap'ness bent.

The Lost Basketball.

ALICIA LANSDOWNE.

SCENE—End of gymnasium. Two small cupboards. Annie, Doris and Celia are in middle of stage.

ANNIE—Oh! where's the basketball?

DORIS—In one of the little cupboards, I suppose. It is always kept there over night. I guess we are the first ones to arrive on the scene of action. Oh, girls, the playing was perfectly slushy yesterday. (*Annie looks in the cupboards*) Oh piffle, if it isn't there, Annie, I don't know where it is.

CELIA—I don't think it is kept in the cupboards this year. I have seen Miss Holmes taking it down street several afternoons after practice lately.

ANNIE—All right, girls, as Miss Holmes is going off on the half past two car, I will go and find her. (*Exit Annie. Then returns*). I'll be back in a minute. Good-by. (*Exit Annie*).

CELIA—I hope it doesn't take her long.

DORIS—Oh, what an awful bother. It will take Annie ten minutes to beat it down to Miss Holmes, and then it will take her fifteen more to beef it back again up the hill.

CELIA—Not as bad as that. Here comes Mildred and Helen.

(*Enter Mildred and Helen.*)

MILDRED — Hullo! (*Nods to Celia*) Hullo, Doris! Where's the ball?

DORIS—Ball! You're a nice one. The ball is down to "Miss Hommy's," just the same as it always is. Annie has gone after it. Miss Holmes is going away and won't be up this afternoon.

(*Enter Annie*)

ANNIE—I met Miss Holmes just around

the corner, and she said she went home early last night, and told the janitor to take care of the ball, so she sent her nephew "Johnny" to see Mr. Wells, get the ball, and bring it to us.

ALICE—Wasn't that nice?

DORIS—*Oui*. Very nice. It will give Johnny an opportunity to stretch his legs without the admonition, "Be a gentleman, dear."

(*The same scene fifteen minutes later. Enter Miss Holmes.*)

MISS HOLMES—What are you sitting around like that for, girls? You will get stiff. Why aren't you playing?

CELIA—We haven't any ball.

MISS HOLMES—No ball! I sent John to get it of Mr. Wells more than a quarter of an hour ago. What could have delayed him?

ANNIE—Here he comes now.

MISS HOLMES—(*going to the window*) John! John! be quick. I wonder what kept him so long. (*Enter John*) Why, where is the basketball? Didn't the janitor know where it was?

JOHN—Don't know.

MISS HOLMES—Don't know! Haven't you seen him?

JOHN—Yes.

MISS HOLMES—Well, why don't you know? Please explain.

JOHN—I forgot what was lost.

MISS HOLMES—I dare say; but what did you tell him?

JOHN—That something was lost and that some of the girls wanted it.

MISS HOLMES—And why didn't he

start at once to find the girls?

JOHN—He did.

MISS HOLMES—I dare say he did; but in that case, why is he not here?

JOHN—Because he didn't go this way. I found him in the academy basement and he went up stairs.

MISS HOLMES—Didn't you tell him to go to the gymnasium?

JOHN—No, you told me to go and get the basketball, and be quick, for the girls were ready and waiting to play. That was all.

MISS HOLMES—I perceive.

ANNIE—I'll go and find Mr. Wells. It won't take but a minute.

MISS HOLMES—I should have thought that a little man of your years could have seen that a number of girls would be ready and waiting for a lost basketball only in the gymnasium.

ALICE (*at window*)—Mr. Wells has just come out of the academy, and Annie has called to him and stopped him.

DORIS—Annie is coming back.

MISS HOLMES—Probably Mr. Wells could tell her at once where the ball was. John, if you had listened as you should, you would have saved all this trouble.

[*Enter Annie.*]

ANNIE—He says it's right here.

DORIS—What! Didn't you tell him we have looked in the cupboards?

ANNIE—Yes; but he was mad and shouted, "It's right there, right there in the gymnasium," and went off down the hill, muttering something about not being very tall.

MISS HOLMES—Very well, I will look in the cupboards, and I will look in both of them.

ANNIE—We have.

(*Miss Holmes looks in both cupboards.*)

MISS HOLMES—It is not here. It must be on the floor.

MILDRED AND DORIS—It isn't here.

MISS HOLMES—Are you sure?

HELEN—Yes.

MISS HOLMES—In that case you must give up your afternoon's sport. I will speak to Mr. Wells in the morning.

ANNIE—I suppose we must.

(*Miss Holmes looks at her watch.*)

MISS HOLMES—It's twenty-seven minutes past two. I'll lose my car. Run, John. John, put your cap on your head, or it will fall off. Hurry.

(*She rushes him out the door, adjusting cap.*)

JOHN—Say Auntie, the ball is in the basket. (*Exit Miss Holmes and John.*)

Curtain.

"'Twas Ever Thus."

BY ANNIE E. FRASIER.

Crawford was a little country town where everybody's business was everybody else's. But on the whole, there were a great many good church members in the village and the ladies, especially, always took active part in the church doings.

In this town there dwelt a maiden la-

dy, a very well meaning woman, a staunch friend of the minister's and kindly adviser of young and old, and, as the saying runs, having a finger in everybody's pie. On the day of our introduction to Miss Sarah Jane Jackson, or more commonly known in the village as Sarah Jane, we find her already dressed in her rusty

black alpaca gown with a black lace shawl which had done duty for twenty years draped carefully over her bony shoulders, standing before a sombre-framed mirror arranging her bonnet in a very definite way.

Sarah Jane evidently had something on her mind and as she turned from the glass, proceeded to the hall, emphasizing every footstep and stalked precisely down the steps of her great, dark house, indignation and determination were stamped on every feature.

When she came to the home of her friend, Mrs. Peters, she mounted the steps and rang the bell very emphatically, and before Mrs. Peters half got the door open, Sarah Jane, contrary to her usual custom, broke forth with:

"Well, have you heard the latest?"

Mrs. Peters, naturally much surprised, but very willing to hear the "latest" pointed out a seat to her, and asked to be told the news.

"Well, Mr. Quigley, our pastor, is going to marry that frowsley blonde, Maude Mingley. Now what do you say to that, for unprecedented nerve? To expect us to take her, that frizzled-haired fashion-plate, for our acknowledged leader! The man is insane. Well, positively so."

"What can we do about it? He is a young man and she isn't such a fashion-plate, Sarah Jane. She's a sensible girl," mildly interposed little Mrs. Peters.

"Nell Peters, where are your eyes and senses? I always thought you had some up till now. Why, the girl thinks of nothing but playing the piano and reading novels, hardly ever goes to church at that. Does he think for one moment that good, Christian women such as we, are going to accept a doll to lead us in

our church work? Why, she can't do it anyway."

"Well, what can we do about it, Sarah Jane? I suppose the man will marry whomever he likes."

"What are we going to do? Why, we'll just have him shipped to another parish. We won't have him stay here and have us dancing attendance on him and his blonde beauty, will we? I say, will we?"

And Sarah Jane rose up, excited and out of breath, fairly screaming out her last words. Her bonnet fell to one side and finally made its resting place on her right ear, and her shawl upon the floor. What a picture she made! She looked like a veritable suffragette in the midst of holding a meeting on women's rights.

"But, are you sure it's true?" Mrs. Peters started to say when the bell rang.

"Of course it's true! Didn't Mrs. Kelley say so an' don't she know everything?" Sarah Jane bellowed after Mrs. Peters who was going to the door to let in the very subject of their conversation, the Rev. Mr. Quigley.

"My sakes alive!" ejaculated Sarah Jane when she heard the minister's voice and straightway began to smooth down her ruffled plumage and greeted his reverence in very affable tones.

Mrs. Peters looked at Sarah Jane and then at the minister in astonishment; Sarah Jane was saying:

"We are very pleased about your approaching marriage, Mr. Quigley. We think it so charming of you to give us, as our leader, such a young and pretty woman as Miss Mingley and allow us to be among the first to congratulate you. Nellie, aren't you going to join me in congratulating Mr. Quigley?"

"Why-er-yes. That-is-certainly," the poor mystified Mrs. Peters broke forth, but receiving a warning look from Sarah Jane continued:

"We shall be very glad 'Mr. Quigley' to take your future wife among us and acknowledge her our leader, and we hope

we will have you both with us for a great many years to come. Don't we, Sarah Jane?"

"Yes, indeed! Nell and I were saying, just before you came in, Mr. Quigley, how fortunate we were to reside in your parish and not in some others we know."

When Anne Was Popular.

HELEN CHADWICK.

"Girls," said Anne Brown, "I can't come out tonight; mother's sick."

We knew that this must be so, or Anne would not have said it, for she was our leader and dearly loved the games we played. Oh, the look of disappointment on our faces when we heard this! There was not one of us but that sadly regretted that she could not come out and join us.

"Can't you, just a little while?" called one of the smaller girls.

"No, Alice, I can't," she said, and then with a good night to us all, she left us and went into the house.

When she had gone, we looked for someone to take her place, but none seemed able or willing. Our games were "Hoist the Sail," "Land of Gartner," and others similar, but tonight with Anne gone we wanted something different. Someone suggested "Hide and Seek."

None of us had ever played it, but we had all seen it played by others, and so we thought we would try it. We selected a post at one side of the road for a goal, and then began to play.

For some reason which we did not know, the game was not a success. As I ran by Anne's house, she raised a window

and cried, "In playing Hide and Seek all the interest depends on having the goal in a good place." Nearly all of us heard her and knew she had been watching us. This encouraged us, for we knew that she was with us in spirit.

We immediately looked for another goal, but tried several places with a like result. Then Anne raised the window again, and said, "Try the wood-pile at the corner of the house." Our first goal had been near a street light and we had chosen it for that reason, but the woodpile was in the darkness except for a few streaks of light cast by a kitchen lamp.

Because Anne had suggested it, we braved the darkness and used the woodpile for a goal, and after a while we did not mind the darkness at all. We found our new goal to be splendid, with many good hiding places around it, and we began to play Hide and Seek in earnest. It was real fun and we were having such a good time that we almost forgot Anne; but glancing toward the house I saw her shadow on the curtain. Little Alice saw it at the same time, and softly called her name. Just then a church bell struck nine, the time to go home, and we all gathered in a semi-circle about Anne's door.

We gave three cheers for our leader, Anne. The noise brought her to the door, and we made a rush for her. She closed the door just in time to save herself, and from the kitchen window she smiled her last "Good Night."

The Choice of a Goal.

AN ESSAY IN CLASS

H. W. A.

The children were playing together; in fact, had been playing together for more than an hour. The game was Hide-and-Seek, and the fun was fast and exciting for a time, but at last it seemed as though the girls played from a sense of duty. The girls were the ones always caught, and once they were "It," they never succeeded in finding one of the boys.

The goal was in the door yard, nearly a hundred yards from any good hiding place. When the seeker happened to be a boy, and found a girl, he always touched the goal first, because of his superior strength and fleetness. When a girl suggested that they change the goal so that the girls might have a chance, the boys reluctantly acquiesced, but I fear it was mainly because the girls were in the ma-

jority. This change of goal to the barn door was productive of great sport for it gave the girls an opportunity to dash from their hiding places and reach the goal before the boys. The fun lasted all the afternoon without cessation, and at evening the older people who had noticed the incident, remarked that the choice and position of one's goal was as important in life as in a game. It is true, is it not, that a man cannot be a success if his ambition selects a vocation for which he is not fitted? The goals, the vocations, are ready to be chosen, it lies with the man to select the right one. It is true a man may be undecided, yet there is something in his character that fits him for some particular task. Once this task is discovered it is his goal; a thing for which to strive.

My Sister.

HAROLD W. ABBOTT.

I have a little sister
Who's very nice to me,
But then I am her brother
As you perhaps can see.

Her hair is darkest chestnut
And soft and smooth and bright,
And she combs it every morning,
She combs it every night.

Her eyes are clear and sparkling,
And often smile at you,
Who you are, matters little

As long as you are you.

She loves the God of Music,
And sweetly does she play,
So when I have a sorrow
She drives it quite away.

ENVOY.

Sister, though you're now grown up,
No matter what they say;
We had pleasure, you and I
A-playing through the day.

Alumni Department.

PROF. CHARLES P. MORRISON.

In the passing away of Prof. Charles P. Morrison, a gentle, kindly man has been removed from our midst. Possessed of a wonderful musical genius, he endeared himself to many by his rare gifts.

Mr. Morrison was born at East Derry, N. H. When young he removed to Newburyport, Mass., where he studied music with the best available teachers. He later came to Pinkerton to complete his school studies. He returned to Newburyport, where he served as organist in several of the larger churches and organized and conducted a chorus of over two hundred voices. He held a number of successful festivals in that city, rendering such masterpieces as Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Haydn's "Creation," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." He was at the time of his death an honorary member of the Worcester Musical Festival Association.

He was among the first to enlist in the Civil War, becoming a member of the 48th Mass. Regiment. Later he served as lieutenant under Gen. Banks, was at Port Hudson, and was a member of the "Forlorn Hope" in one of the assaults on that stronghold. During the war his first wife and two children died.

In 1869, he removed to Worcester, Mass., where he conducted concerts, taught music and organ playing, until he was, in 1879, called to the Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

He was a musical composer of merit.

Although sadly afflicted during the last years of his life by blindness, he yet maintained a cheerful disposition, and his

friends considered it an inspiration to visit him.

A wife, Mary A. (Keating) Morrison, survives him.

Dec. 12, the Central church, Derry Village, in honor of Prof. Morrison, presented a program made up of his compositions.

Alumni Notes.

(* Denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

*1881. Mrs. Abbie (Packard) Kloss, formerly of Windham, N.H., now residing at Leominster, Mass., has three sons and an adopted daughter. One son is a student at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and the daughter attends Simmons college.

*1883. December 16 was observed as Tea Party Day by the Molly Reid Chapter, D. A. R., Derry, N. H. Many of the members are P. A. Alumnae.

A fine literary and musical program was given and dainty refreshments served. On this 136th anniversary, Miss Sarah H. Couch was presented with a fine Indian bust in memory of an ancestor, Joseph Coolidge, who was one of the leaders, disguised as an Indian, who helped throw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor.

"The cargo came, and who could blame
If Indians seized the tea
And chest by chest let down the same
Into the laughing sea."

'91. Miss Grace H. Rogers is teaching in Franklin, Mass.

'93. Wm. E. Morrill is on the editorial staff of "Dumb Animals."

'95. Reed Paige Clark has returned to Washington, D. C., from Mexico and Yucutan. He is entertaining his friends

with all kinds of marvelous tales about tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, etc. He holds his friends spellbound with accounts of hair-raising episodes.

'01. Frank D. Corson is at Walpole, Mass., employed as a tree surgeon. Mr. Corson recently passed a Civil Service examination.

Faculty '01. Prof. Arthur S. Todd is a teacher of Latin in the New Bedford, Mass., High school.

'04. Miss Mildred Stevens was the maid of honor at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Ethel Bailey, at Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass.

'04-'05. Miss Irene T. Gross is principal of the high school in Bridgewater, Conn. Her sister, Elizabeth, is a teacher in Chester, in the same state.

'06. James I. Miltimore is master of Derry Grange.

'06. Miss Emma T. Cone is teacher of drawing in the public schools of Denver, Col.

'06. Walter I. Neller was a delegate Jan. 1, to a convention held in Chicago. He represented Baltimore Medical college.

*'07. Ernest Chamberlen is employed in the office of the Littleton, N. H., Courier.

'08. Howard B. Fitts has entered the employ of the John B. Varick Co., Manchester, N. H., his work being in the Agricultural Department.

*'09. David Griffiths is a student at St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y. He spent his Christmas vacation in Derry.

Faculty '10. Miss Sylvia Clark has just returned from a vacation spent in Maine. While there she had the pleasure of meeting Prof. J. Y. Stanton who was principal of Pinkerton many years ago.

Trustee '10. John C. Chase listened with a great deal of pleasure to a lecture by Prof. Hopkinson Smith before the Boston City Club on "Mud."

Marriages.

Dec., 1909. Roy Westcote of Taunton, Mass., to Miss Mary Mulliken of Candia, N. H. They will reside at Winter Hill, Mass.

Dec. 29, 1909. Charles Harold Goldthwaite and Louise M. Morrill.

Births.

Bakersfield, Cal., Nov. 30, '09, To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. Barndollar, a daughter, Ellen.

Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 14, '09, To Rev. and Mrs. Nicholas Vander Pyl, a son.



Grinds.



"Heat" was under discussion in the Physics class.

INSTRUCTOR—"Young, what do we get when we burn coal?"

Y.—"Ashes."

Who was it that said that pupils of Young's age were expected to make more intelligent answers?

There are several ways of spelling "Shakespeare." The latest is Shakeskeere." (Mears again.)

H. O. W. '11 (in a bakery) "How much does a ten-cent loaf of bread cost?"

J. L. M., '12.—Si un homme a perdu le vue, il est aveugle."

"If a man loses his way, he is blind."

M. I.—"Gee! I never knew Miss Coleman had a little brother!"

C. A. T.—"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

H. I. S.—"At the bottom."

It's not often that a young person possesses such wit.

"Miss Spofford, do you consider Mr. Potter's dog a work of art?"

Miss S.—"No; it has been brought up too scientifically."

"Original origin!"

E. B., '11 (speaking of E. S.'s dividing his part in "As You Like It.") "If he is going to be divided, I will."

Miss P.—"Combien d'annees avait Napoleon quand il etait?"

G. G.—"Mil sept cent quarante huit."

No wonder Napoleon has a name in history!

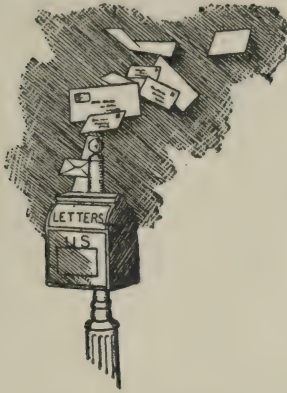
"Hamilton was captain of the team which represented the 'Ship of State'!"

Which, John, "horse" or "hoss"?

What Senior girl was it that said that "Cider apple sauce" was so called because it was made from cider apples?

Senior Dips!

A notice on the bulletin board a day or two since informed us that one of the Juniors had lost his "Lays of Roam."



Exchanges.



It was interesting to note the improvement of the November exchanges when compared with those of October. Again it is interesting to note the same change in the December numbers now at hand. Although this improvement, which shows that the present boards of editors are learning by experience what a good paper is and how to get one out, was general, it was especially noticeable along the line of poetry.

Frequently the exchange column is made up almost entirely of unfavorable criticism of one paper, which criticism is intelligible only to those who have read that paper, but we, although admitting that such criticism may be very helpful and should be given considerable space, think that an exchange column should make part of its reading matter broader and more intelligible to the readers as a whole. An exchange column would seem a waste of space if it interested only those who had read the pages it criticized, especially when it can be so turned as to give valuable hints to all readers, whether editors of school papers or not. We believe that the exchange column in a school paper should act only to a limited extent as the criticiser of its

fellows in particular and that it should treat their faults, needs and successes collectively.

The *Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., is a well arranged paper, containing some good stories. It is a novel and helpful plan to print a selected list of books which would appeal to boys. Perhaps it will cause many to read the best English literature who would not have done so otherwise. The athletic department is good, too. The *Crimson and White*, Gloucester, Mass., contains a story interesting because of an unusual character. The "Vision of Death," represents a type seldom to be found in a school paper. A story that will rouse a person's feelings is well worth writing.

The following exchanges have been received:

Academian, (Pembroke, N. H.), *Alpha*, (New Bedford, Mass.), *Angelus*, (New Orleans, La.), *Argus*, (Gardner, Mass.), *Artisan*, (Boston, Mass.), *Breccia*, (Portland, Me.), *C. H. S. Bugle*, (Conway, Mass.), *Clarion*, (West Roxbury, Mass.), *Crimson and White*, (Gloucester, Mass.), *Crimson Tatler*, (West Newton, Mass.), *Dial*, (Brattleborough, Vt.), *Echo*, (Kings-ton, N. H.), *Gates Index*, (Neligh, Neb.),

Goddard Record, (Barre, Vt.), *Handicraft*, (Honolulu, T. H.), *High School Review*, (Hamilton, Ohio), *Incessant*, (Bleriot, Wis.), *Islandu*, (Bar Harbor, Me.), *Karnx* (Phillipsburg, N. J.), *Lakonian*, (Laconia, N. H.), *L. H. S. Quarterly*, (Lewiston, Me.), *Lilliputian*, (Canton, N. Y.), *Look-out*, (Derby, Conn.), *Megaphone*, (Franklin, Mass.), *Mercury*, (Milwaukee, Wis.), *Mirror*, (Waltham, Mass.), *North Western University Bulletin*, (Evanston, Ill.), *Now and Then*, (St. Paul, Minn.), *Oracle*, (Bangor, Me.), *Orange and Black*, (Marlborough, Mass.), *Owl*, (Wellsville, N. Y.) *Quarterly Tattler*, (New York, N. Y.), *Red and Black*, (Claremont, N. H.), *Res Academicæ*, (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.), *Reveille*, (Northfield, Vt.), *Richards*, (Newport, N. H.), *Round Up*, (Great Falls, Montana), *School Life*, (Melrose, Mass.), *Shad*, (Fari-bault, Minn.), *Tattler*, (Nashua, N. H.), *Tooter*, (South Omaha, Neb.), *Tufts Weekly* (Boston, Mass.), *Tuftonian*, (Boston, Mass.), *Vermont Academy Life*, (Saxton's River, Vt.), *Voice*, (Concord, Mass.), *Voice* (New London, N. H.), *Volunteer*, (Concord, N. H.), *Fair Play*, (Central City, Neb.), *Kimball Union*, (Meredith, N. H.), *Red and Gray*, (Fitchburg, Mass.), *Vox Studentis*, (Union City, Tenn.), *Brown Monthly*, (Providence, R. I.).

The story, *An Advertisement*, in *The Red and Gray*, Fitchburg, Mass., was good

but interesting because it was well written, not because there was anything new or original about it. As this story, so are many whole papers, correct and well written, but not original. If there is anything worth striving for, it is originality; if there is anything that makes a story or any form of composition interesting, it is having it entirely different from anything ever written before, and that quality will distinguish a piece of writing as especially good.

The *Review*, Lowell, Mass., published an interesting Christmas number. The poetry was unusually good. The cover, however, although very plain, was, in our opinion, the best we have received. Many school papers have quite intricate cover designs, and those designs are usually roughly executed. Certainly the spray of holly on the cover of the *Review* is more artistic than the castle on the *Karm*, Phillipsburg, N. J., or the purple background of the *Tattler*, Nashua, N. H.

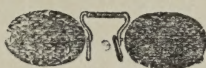
It takes an entire page of *The Angelus*, New Orleans, La., to give the names of those persons on the Editorial staff, and that too, in small type. The old proverb that "Too many cooks spoil the broth" occurred to us as we read *The Angelus*, for it in no way did credit to its large Editorial board.



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